

L. P. Fisher Room 21 Merchants' Bldg.

Winters Advocate

VOL. 3. WINTERS, YOLO COUNTY, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1878. NO. 44

The Winters Advocate.
DR. W. C. HARDING,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
PUBLICATION OFFICE:
On Main Street, between Railroad and First,
Winters, Yolo County, Cal.
RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
By mail, post-paid, per annum, in advance..... \$3.00
Six months, in advance..... 2.00
Three months, in advance..... 1.00
Single copies, one cent.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For each additional line, per week..... 10 cts.
For each additional line, per month..... 30 cts.
For each additional line, per quarter..... 80 cts.
For each additional line, per year..... 2.50
Special rates by the year when paid in advance.
Notice of notices, one cent a line at insertion.
Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.
JOB WORK neatly executed.
Address all communications for publication, or
orders for printing, and advertisements, to the
Winters Advocate, Winters, Cal. All other communications,
to Dr. W. C. Harding, Editor.

CAPITAL HOTEL,
WOODLAND, CAL.
HAYING purchased, thoroughly renovated and re-
furnished this old and favorite house throughout,
the patronage of the traveling and resident public
is respectfully solicited.
**GOOD BOARDING AND COMFORT-
ABLE ROOMS.**
AT REASONABLE PRICES by the DAY or WEEK.
The TABLE will be supplied with the best market
dishes.
No Chinese Cooks Employed.
Free BUSES to and from all passenger trains.
MATT. TACKNEY, Prop'r.
1715-16

CRAFT HOTEL,
WOODLAND, CAL.
Main Street.
JOHN JACOBS, - - Prop'r.
sept15-16

**EXCHANGE
Wine and Billiard
Parlors,**
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
ANS. MORRIS, - - Prop'r.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
TWO FINE BILLIARD TABLES HAVE
JUST BEEN SET UP.
Give me a call.
J. B. POCKMAN & CO.
FIRST STREET
LIVERY STABLES
(Rear of Freeman & Co's Store),
WOODLAND, CAL.
FIRST-CLASS TURN-OUTS, MODER-
ATE CHARGES.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO BOARDING
HORSES.
12th & Mammoth Corral and Pool Yard attached for
the accommodation of Stage Teams.
sept15-16

W. T. BELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
A GRADUATE of the University of Pennsylvania,
has permanently located in Winters, and now
offers his services to the afflicted who may need his
aid.
Office at residence, on Third Street, bet. Railroad
and First streets.

E. R. BUSH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
WOODLAND, CAL.
Will practice in the District and Supreme Courts.
1715-16

F. E. BAKER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
OFFICE—At the Court House, WOODLAND.
1715-16

D. E. ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
SACRAMENTO.
my21

C. H. GAROUTTE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
OFFICE AT COURT HOUSE.
District Attorney Yolo County.

WIN. J. DAVIS,
Official Shorthand Reporter of the 6th
Judicial Court,
SACRAMENTO AND YOLO COUNTIES.
OFFICE—Court House Sacramento.

J. D. GREGORY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Cor. of Ninth and First Sts.,
WINTERS.

DR. B. H. PEIRSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WOODLAND.
OFFICE—Main Street, near Brown & Co's Drug
Store. Office hours—From 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; 1 to
5 P. M.; 8 to 10 in the evening.

W. A. HUGHSON, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE—Over Capital Bank, Corner 7th and Fourth
Streets. Residence—Third Street, between G
& H Streets. Office Hours—11 to 12 A. M.; 1 to
5 P. M.; 8 to 10 in the evening.

DR. J. N. HOGDEN,
DENTIST.
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
Full Sets Teeth on Gold Plate, \$100.
OFFICE—Over Thomas & Bidwell's Grocery
Store, near the Bank, WOODLAND, CAL.
sept15-16

W. H. ROBINSON,
DENTIST,
RESIDENCE, SUZUN.
WILL BE IN
WINTERS one-fourth of the time
See Local Notice.
sept15-16

DR. W. C. HARDING,
DENTIST
Main office at Suzun, Bolano Co., Cal.
Office over J. COHN'S STORE.
Branch offices at
RIO VISTA,
VACAVILLE,
and WINTERS.

LIQUID NITROUS OXIDE
(the only perfectly safe anesthetic.)
Administered for the painless
Extraction of Teeth.
All operations strictly first-class.
LIVELY RATES CHARGED.
Address all communications to office at
Suzun.

DR. J. C. CAMPBELL
I SPOKE the citizens of Winters that he is pre-
pared with a good team to do Draying, at the
shortest notice and on reasonable terms, and solicits
their patronage.
sept15-16

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WOODLAND, CAL.
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**BROWN'S
Livery and Feed Stable,**
First and Baker Sts.
HORSES AND CARRIAGES
ON HAND
DAY AND NIGHT.
Horses Boarded by Day or Month
AT REASONABLE RATES.
N. BROWN, Prop'r.
sept15-16

THOMAS KEEFE,
HAYING REMOVED TO MY NEW BRICK
Store, and restocked it with
I would respectfully inform my friends and the public
in general, that I am prepared to fill
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS.
With care, NIGHT OR DAY. Parties living at a dis-
tance can have their Medicines sent by express C. O.
D. I have always on hand
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
FOR MEDICAL USE.
FINE HAVANA CIGARS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
TEETH EXTRACTED
WITH CARE AND SKILL.
All orders received by mail or express will be
promptly attended to.
jack15-16

**E. A. HUMPHREY'S
Saddle & Harness
SHOP,**
Hillside Street, bet. Abby and Edwards
WINTERS.
KEEPS a Large and Selected Stock of
SADDLES, WHIPPLES, HALTERS, BRIDLES, HORSE
LAP DUSTERS, WHIPS, ETC.
Gloves of all Description con-
stantly on hand.
REPAIRING DONE AT THE SHORTEST
NOTICE, AND AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
dearly

Fashionable Dressmaker.
Mrs. John Webber,
THE WELL KNOWN
FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER,
Has Removed to
A. Alexander's White House,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
Where she is prepared to make Dress of all
kinds in the LATEST STYLES. She does her
work neatly and promptly, and satisfaction guar-
anteed.
All orders from the country, for Dress Goods
or Trimmings, will receive prompt attention.
sept15-16

"Wouldn't You?"
He told me my face was the purest
And I felt but few. Her father died
The bobolink envied my singing;
The nightingale mimicked its tone;
My dimples they quivered with cherries,
Just under the eyes, and blue
My tresses they anured the sunbeams;
I smiled on him then, "wouldn't you?"
He told me my fingers were dainty;
My lips only modeled to kiss;
"And would I give one of the sweetest
For such a poor bauble as this?"
Maybe I ought not to "ve done it;
But he looked so beseeching and true,
And the ring was so pretty I took it,
And gave him a kiss, "wouldn't you?"
He told me there was a dear cottage
Just down near the rocks by the sea,
Where the forest roses needed a welcome,
And mockingbirds waited for me.
With himself, of course, for the master—
"I was made pretty large for us two.
I forgot what I said, but I'm thinking
I kissed him again, "wouldn't you?"

The Twin Bracelets.
BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton!
Years ago I made my will, and you
will be my heir. I shall not alter one
line of that document, because I will
not bribe you to do my will, or even to
be a honorable man. You may marry
whom you will, may I say my wishes in
every way, and lose my love and my
respect, but the money will still be
yours."

The quick, indignant flush upon
Hilton's cheek, the sudden erect-
ness of his figure told that his uncle
had well calculated the effect of his
words. Truly, with his frank, brown
eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad
white brow, he looked like a man to
be trusted, but it was easy to read that
he could be ruled by his affections.
When he spoke his voice was low and
his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I
shall lose your love and respect if I
marry Ada Willet?"
"Or any other woman who is abso-
lutely nobody. What do you know of
her?"
"Only that she is the loveliest,
noblest woman I ever saw. If you
knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you
know of her family?"
"Only what she told me herself,
that her mother died of poverty, after
struggling to support herself by her
needle. They were miserably poor for
a long time, and then Mrs. Willet be-
came a slave to her husband's passions,
and she died of grief and sorrow, and
every advantage her own child could
have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"
"Smith,"
"But," said Mr. Hilton, with every
expression of deep disgust. "Well,
marry her if you will. Your present
allowance shall be doubled, but you
need not bring her here," and with a
sudden fierceness he added, "I want
no woman here, to remind me of a
past I hoped I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his
grave, quiet uncle, had Hilton seen
so moved. His voice was sharp
with the pang of indignation. Why
had he discovered? Only thirty min-
utes gone, and it seemed a day since he
was here.

"You are a man now," he said, with
one of those strange impulses to con-
fidence that often seize the most reserved
men, "I am seeking a wife. I will
tell you what has never passed my
lips to any living being. I have a
wife somewhere, and a child, it may be.
After astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton
continued, "that I am a lonely, mis-
erable man, instead of a happy husband
and father. Twenty years ago, when I
was just forty years old, I fell in love.
Phil in love, for I was fairly insane over
Myra Delano when I had seen her three
times. I courted her with eager atten-
tion, rich presents, flattery, every fas-
tination I could command. I was not
an unattractive man at forty. I had
traveled extensively, had been a close
student, was emphatically a society
man, a successful lawyer, and com-
manding large respect. Myra was
twenty-five, superbly handsome, ac-
complished and graceful."

"I thought she loved me. I thought
there was only trust and devotion in
the love-light of her large blue eyes,
the varying color upon her cheek. We
were married, and then returned here to
this house, and opened its doors to society.
Our child was nearly a year old when
we came home, and what love I could
spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna.
We were very popular, being consid-
ered refined and generous, gathering around
us refined people, and both exerting
ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure
of our guests. But while we were
traveling, all in all to each other, there
was sleeping in my heart a demon who
stirred to life when we returned.
Strong as my love I found my jealousy.
I was a fool—a mad, jealous fool—for I
saw a proud, beautiful woman, I spoke
in my opinion, defiance of my
unhappy suspicions. Now I can see
that Myra was but filling her proper
place in society as hostess or guest;
but then, blinded by my jealousy, I
grudged any other man a pleasant look,
or a cheery word. I cannot tell you
now of every scene that turned her
love for me to fear and dislike. She be-
came pale and miserable, often sullen
and defiant. Finally she left me!"

"Let me go!"
"I came home one afternoon, after
conducting an intricate criminal case,
and found a note on my table, telling
me Myra could no longer endure the
life of constant quarreling and re-
proach. She had taken her child, and
would never return to me."

"Did she not go to her relatives?"
"She had but few. Her father died
while we were abroad, and having been
considered a rich man, was found to
have left less than his funeral expenses.
She had an aunt and some cousins, so
all of whom I went but who denied all
knowledge of her. After searching
with the eagerness of penitence deep
and sincere, and love most profound,
I finally discovered, and even employed
private police investigation, I was all
in vain. I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"
"I cannot tell. I remained here for
five years, and then, as you know, went
to St. Louis to see my only aunt, and
my only cousin, and my only friend.
"And to become my second father?"
"Yes, my boy. I found you, my lit-
tle namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve,
heart-broken over your mother's illness
and death. You knew the rest of my
life-history, and retired from the pursuit
of my profession, traveled with you,
made you my one interest in life! You
filled my empty house and heart, for I
loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved
my baby daughter, whose childhood is
a closed, sealed book to me."

"But now, Uncle George, can you
do me any good?"
"We have been in New York three
years, and every month there has been
an advertisement in the leading papers,
understand in the leading papers. No, my
boy, it is hopeless now! If in the fu-
ture you ever know my wife or child, I
trust her to your care and generosity."

"It seems as if, in the excitement of
his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten
the conversation that had immediately
suggested it. He rose from his seat,
and opening a cabinet in the room,
brought back a small box. It contained
a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive
clasp, and locket."

"When we were in Paris," he said,
"I had this bracelet made of Myra's
hair and mine woven together; she has
the locket, and I have the bracelet. The
gold in the clasp was cut from baby's
head, our little darling, then but three
months old. It must have been some
fingerling love that made Myra still
keep the bracelet like this which she
wore constantly. What is the matter,
Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in
the locket?"
"Yes. You see how beautiful she
was!"
"I see more than that," said Hilton;
"and yet I dare not tell you what I
hope. Will you give me one little
look, to see if—"

"Only one look—I will be back
then!"
"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking
with excitement. But his nephew was
gone. He collected all the cats in the
neighborhood, tied them to the
sticks, and sent them whizzing up
toward the side-rail system. I am told
that Mrs. McGinn's tomato came down
in New Jersey with a hot on him,
and that scientists over there are still
impressed with the belief that he was
shot from some portion of the milky-
way. It is terrible, Hilton, to think of
a son once learned scientific men's
saying."

"But you have said, yourself, that
there were too many cats in this neigh-
borhood."
"To be sure; but better have a sur-
perity of cats than to learn Charley
cruelly. He has a disposition to do so,
Ellen, I fear, and all because of your
indulgence. It seemed to you no harm
to let him play with Johnny Willet in
our bath-room. But you know the boy
when you were down stairs, he pre-
tended that he was a missionary, and
that Johnny was a converted heathen,
and how he played the bath-tub was
the r. George, and that he had to
baptize Johnny in it. Charley, of
course, did not know that he ought
not to hold the child under the water
for two minutes, so that he was resusci-
tated with the greatest difficulty; but
he did know that it was not right to
persuade Billy Muldoon, on the very
same day, to get into the bath-tub and
pretend he was an alligator, and then
to stab him with the kitchen skewer.
I tell you, Ellen, if you bring the boy
up in this way, he will turn out badly."

"I hope not."
"So do I; but he has no reverence
for sacred things even now. Why did
he take our pol-parrot to church on
Sunday morning and let it fly as soon
as service began? He must have in-
tended to make trouble. The parrot,
of course, began to interrupt the min-
utes with repeated and persistent de-
mands for crackers. Ellen, I think
that bird said 'Polly wants a cracker'
at least two hundred times in fifteen
minutes; and then Deacon Thompson
undertook to put it out. As he chased
the bird down to the pulpit, then it
lighted on old Mrs. Dunwoody's bon-
net, and she was carried out in hyster-
ics; then it flew up and sat on the
skenepe near the ceiling, and when
the deacon hit at it with the brush-hand-
dle, he knocked the skenepe down,
and created such a hubbub that Dr.
Knox had to dismiss the congregation."

"I scolded Charley for that," said
Mrs. Bangs.
"But you should train him so that
he will not have a desire to do such
things; and—and—hullo! What's
that? Why, Ellen, there comes Char-
ley down the street with our cow! He
has a watermelon on each of her horns,
and a pair of my trousers on her forelegs.
I'll go for that boy!"

"Mrs. Bangs called out, and a moment
later the vociferations of Mr. C. Bangs,
junior, were making the walking ring—
M. A. in New York Weekly.

The American Institute of Instruct-
ion, during its recent meeting in the
White Mountains, contributed \$80
to the Appalachian Club for the con-
struction of a road to the summit of
Mt. Carigain.

A man never knows what real agony
there is in small parcels till he gets
married and has a teething baby howl
all night in the room with him.

The tears were falling fast from Anna
Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trem-
bling with sobs as she said:
"My dear father!"
That was all; but as George Hilton
folded his child in his arms, he knew
that he was forgiven, and for him at
last there might be happiness in mak-
ing others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet murmured, and re-
joiced at once at her own loss and
her adopted daughter's good fortune,
but consoled herself with the thought
that Ada must have left her to be Hil-
ton's wife, and after all, they would
be the neighbors.

But she would not give her up until
after a most brilliant wedding, and
George Hilton only welcomed his
daughter to her home when he also
gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife—
N. Y. Leader.

Mrs. Bangs' Boy.
"I do not wish to speak harshly
Ellen," said Mr. Bangs, to his wife,
"but I must say that your treatment
of Charley is calculated to spoil the
boy. I saw him yesterday going about
with a shaggy stevedore, and he was
the hinder portion of his trousers, and
when I expressed surprise, he told me
that you put it there so that he could
comfortably slide down a board. Now,
Ellen, let me point out to you that
portion of the body where I com-
monly punish him."

"But he seemed so much pleased
with the arrangement," said Mrs.
Bangs.
"Of course; it is a big thing for Char-
ley. But you remember how happy
he was when you gave him that section
of stevedore on the Fourth of July for
a cannon? Charley didn't know that
that portion of the body where I com-
monly punish him."

"But Charley wasn't hurt," said Mrs.
Bangs.
"He was demoralized though—thoroughly
demoralized; and it is our duty
to end against this. It is a disgrace to
have a harmless child to buy Charley a do-
zen sky-rockets on the Fourth; but in-
stead of using them to rejoice over his
country's independence, what did he
do with them? He collected all the cats in the
neighborhood, tied them to the
sticks, and sent them whizzing up
toward the side-rail system. I am told
that Mrs. McGinn's tomato came down
in New Jersey with a hot on him,
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all night in the room with him.

Washington Crossing the Delaware.
During the Revolutionary War the
Delaware river managed to flow across
the path of Washington and his army
about once a year, on an average. In
76, after what patriotic history softly
alludes to as the "indecisive engage-
ments" of Long Island and White
Plains, the American forces made a
somewhat hurried march across the
Jerseys, from Hackensack to Trenton,
where Washington embarked in the
Continental Navy and quickly placed
the Delaware between himself and
Cornwallis, who seems to have been
travelling in the same general direc-
tion. It is now nearly two years since
the one-hundredth anniversary of this
particular crossing, but there has been
no spontaneous popular demand for
a celebration of the event. A few weeks
after the Father of his Country is seen
standing in a heroic attitude to have his
picture taken. The chill of a winter
night is on the Delaware, which he is
once more crossing in an open boat
amid the rush of driving ice-fields.
This time he hurries his little army
against the Hessians, and the sinking
and the Colonies are encouraged
by the brilliant victories of Trenton
and Princeton. The centennial of this
crossing was adequately celebrated
eighteen months ago by a violent steam
fight, and the battle of Trenton was re-
produced in the streets of New Jersey's
Capital with great fidelity and car-
nage.

The year 1777 finds the patriot army
once more on the Pennsylvania side of
the Delaware, and we read of other "in-
decisive engagements" of Brandywine
and Germantown, and then of the hun-
ger and nakedness and suffering of the
winter at Valley Forge. On the 18th
of the next June, Sir Henry Clinton
crossed over from Philadelphia to
Gloucester Point, and Washington at
once broke camp, struck the Delaware
again at Coryell's Ferry, and 100 years
ago Saturday crossed over into the Jer-
seys with the main body of his army,
to join the advance under Wayne and
Green, who had crossed two days be-
fore. What was Coryell's Ferry then
is now the flourishing city of Lumbert-
ville on one side, and the borough of
New Hope on the other, and on Satur-
day New Jersey and Pennsylvania
clasp hands across the historic stream
with centennial pomp and festivity,
and a full accompaniment of Govern-
ors and soldiers and oratory and gun-
powder. Almost every day is just 100
years after something; but this event
is living, and paid for his education, but
assisted in the support of his parents.

What Voices Indicate.
There are light, quick surface voices,
that involuntarily seem to utter the say-
ing, "I won't do to tie to." The man's
words may assure you of his strength
of purpose and reliability, yet his tone
contradicts his speech.
Then there are low, deep, strong
voices, where the words seem ground
out as if the man owed humanity a
grudge, and meant to pay it some day.
That man's opponent may tremble, and
his friends may trust his strength of
purpose and ability to act.
There is the coarse, boisterous, dic-
tatorial tone, invariably adopted by
vulgar persons who have not sufficient
cultivation to understand their own in-
significance.
There is the incredulous tone, that is
full of a covert sneer, or a secret "you
can't dupe me, sir."
Then there is a winning, beseeching
voice that says "sympathize" as plainly
as if it uttered the words. It cajoles
and flatters you; its words say, "I love
you; I admire you; you are everything
that you should be."
Then there is the tender, musical,
compassionate voice, that sometimes
with blunt features, but always with
genuine benevolence.
If you are full of affection and pre-
tence, your voice proclaims it.
If you are full of honest strength and
purpose, your voice proclaims it.
If you are bold and calm, and firm
and persistent, your voice will be
equally truth-telling.
You cannot change your voice from
a natural to an unnatural tone without
its being known that you are so doing.

SOME GERMAN HABITS.—In the town
we noticed numerous peasants at-
tired in funny costumes. Many wore
scarves twisted, in turban-like fashion,
around their heads, and long calico
doublets, or aprons, gaiters, and
fall around the neck and hanging
loosely from the shoulders; the under
one extending nearly down to the bot-
tom of the dress, while the upper one,
ornamented with a wide ruffle of the
same material, was a foot or so shorter.
Some of these undergarments are arranged
in a sort of bag in front, in which it is
convenient for a mother to carry her
child. I might here add that the style
of dressing German babies, might not
be heartily approved by every Ameri-
can mother. Until the child is three or
four months old it is carried around in
swaddling clothes. It is only allowed
to have the free use of its hands and
arms, its lower limbs and waist being
wrapped around by what is styled a
"wickie-bald." If the baby was con-
sulted in regard to this mode of dress
it might inform us that it did very well
for summer, but that it was a little warm
really like to exercise its lower limbs
freely.
I counted thirty-six naked women
just coming into town; all wore short
dresses and carried long, willow bas-
kets strapped on their backs; many
were bareheaded, a few wearing long
straw bonnets with only a mere shadow
of a cape.—German Letter.

**Lot the counsel of thine own heart
stand, for there is no man more faith-
ful unto thee than it. A man's mind
is sometimes wont to tell him more
than seven watchmen that sit above in
a high tower.—The Apocrypha.**

A CUT OF COLD WATER.—Governor
Colquitt, of Georgia, gave to a colored
brother, a delegate to the Southern
General Conference of the Methodist
Episcopal Church, held at Atlanta, a
cup of cold water, and he made public
acknowledgment of it in Conference,
as we learn from the Chicago Christian
Advocate. Said he, in effect: "Brother,
these happened in this room
just now a circumstance I shall never
forget. You remember that David in
the Cave of Adulam sighed for water
from the well of Bethlehem, and that
three young men at the peril of their
lives, brought him the longed-for wa-
ter which David would not after all
drink, since it had been procured
at the peril of life. He, therefore,
poured out the water as a libation be-
fore the Lord. When I entered the
room I was favored, and like David,
longed for water. A gentleman took a
goblet to serve me; during his absence
I learned that he was Governor of
Georgia. Realizing the chain that
was between us, I thought of David,
and, taking the goblet from his hand,
I begged that I might pour out the
water as a libation forever between his
race and mine."

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE

EDITOR, DR. C. K. WOODWARD

SATURDAY, AUG. 31, 1878

Local Agent.

77-200333 B. MOTT is sole Agent for the Advocate in Sacramento, who will receive and receipt for all advertisements and subscriptions from this date.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

OUR RAILROAD.

Several times of late we have noticed items in our contemporaries stating that our railroad had fallen into other hands, and that it was about to be discontinued and the track taken up; it did not pay, etc. Now gentlemen we do not care to enter into a long controversy upon the subject, neither do we wish to say anything to cause unpleasant feelings, neither shall we, providing you are willing to grant us the same rights you claim for yourself. We are aware that what we shall say, however, will nettle and annoy you, from the fact that ever since we first started our paper, you have ever manifested a spirit of jealousy, envy and of opposition. The position that some of you assumed in the commencement, warning people not to subscribe for our paper for it could live but a few months was anything but gentlemanly and ever since that time the same spirit in a slightly less angular form has characterized your every movement. We do not refer to the past with a view of raking up any unpleasantness but only with a view of reminding you that "Heaven is not the end of an iniquitous life." Rejoice if you will at our seeming downfall; do everything you may or can against us you will yet learn that all your puny efforts in the way of misrepresentation will surely fail, and instead of weakening us, will make us stronger and more determined.

As to the changing hands of the railroad it matters not; in the end the same result will be attained. Should the Stevenson's control as we believe they will, we have full confidence in them to accomplish what we say will be accomplished. We know that no business men whether they be Stevensons Bros. or other parties who control the road, are going to throw away the millions it has already cost and rip up the track because the few miles of track already down does not pay a very large dividend; those men have too good sense. They know very well that the road as it is, has neither beginning or ending, head or tail, outlet or inlet, nothing to infuse life into it. But when the head is joined and the caudal appendage subjoined we shall have a thing of life and motion, something that will cause our envious contemporaries to whine and snarl over the bone. When we have slipped the meat from the bone let them gnaw it to their heart's content.

Now after preparing your minds for the denouement, we are going to tell you exactly what we are going to do, and thus giving you every opportunity of venting your spleen and of taking every advantage of us you can, we know in whom we trust. If the Lord be for us who shall be against us? First, we are going to finish this road through to Dunnigans or Blacks to intersect the northern road, when this is done we are going to run from Vacaville to Benicia, thus making an air line from Williams to the Bay. This will become "the" road, the main business thoroughfare, the outlet from the great North and East.

We are also going to build a road through from this point through Berryessa Valley to the Lakes and thus bring us next door neighbor to all that region of country already so telephonically near the hub of the locomotives and the hanging of the cars laden with the rich products of the upper country.

But this is not all, indeed but a little portion of what we expect to accomplish while these improvements are going on we are not idle in town, here is our flourishing

mill to be built, and our bank must be in readiness to do the business, and our college must be in readiness for the reception of the masters and misses that come in. These improvements are not to be in years to come, but the Spirit is already moving and while they are being completed another work is to be performed, we have to cut off a slice from Yolo, a slice from Solano and a slice from Napa county and from these slices joined and cemented together we will have one of the most prolific and business like counties in the State and that Winters, that despised town, is to be the county seat.

We do not say these are probabilities or possibilities, but they are positive as sure to be as that day and night alternate. Men of means are looking into the matter, investigation will reveal the facts as we have stated them, that an investment will not only be profitable but permanent and lasting, and when men can see three per cent. per month on an investment perpetual they are not going to throw away the golden opportunity for an imaginary fleece of fine texture.

Louette Fowler

It has been our pleasure for forty years or more to listen to argument upon the question of the power of the moon upon the earth and its productions. Not only have we listened to argument pro and con at divers places, but have tried many experiments upon almost everything that came under our observation to prove or disprove the theory. Having spent much time in the investigation of this law, we feel that we shall be able to give from time to time useful information, particularly to farmers, fruit growers, etc. Our attention has been called to the subject by an item which appeared a few days ago in the Woodland Democrat, which took the position that all who believed in the theory that the moon had anything to do with vegetation or had any effect upon meats killed, in the light or dark of the moon; they were moon struck novices, etc. There is one thing very evident, if a man knows positively a truth exists, it is more convincing than the evidence of forty who don't know. The following are the facts as they have been thoroughly tested: If you kill a creature within about four days of the change of the moon either way and the difference of the meat will be hardly perceptible, but kill and put down the meat in the light of the moon near the end of the first quarter, when you take up your meat and boil it, it will invariably swell and cover the bones; but if you kill and put down the meat about the beginning of the last quarter, the reverse will be the case; the meat will shrink and the bones protrude and this is not the only loss in not knowing what time to kill your meat. It will take nearly one-third more of the meat killed in the old of the moon to satisfy hunger as it has the same shrinking away in the stomach; we are satisfied that the meat killed in the light of the moon will go nearly twice as far and do twice the good that the other will, and finally it is much more healthy than the shrunken meat. We are aware that a great many will pool at the idea and will talk learnedly about choosing to plant their gardens in the earth rather than the moon and will still continue to guess at a thing rather than try the simple experiment whereby they may save a hundred per cent., such men are cousins to the man that would put his grist in one end of the bag and a stone in the other to balance it on the horse. Already we have exceeded our space, but from time to time will give the result of the various investigations upon vegetation, etc.

LADIES' DRESSES IN LONDON.—A London writer says he is no prude, but ladies' dresses just now are surely passing the border-line of decency. The park on Sunday is becoming hardly anything better than an exhibition of ladies' limbs. The heavy gold necklets and armlets are all very well, but the new stomachers, while they must impede locomotion, "express" the figure to such an extent that nothing is left to the imagination.

A Castor Conversation at General Butler's Table.

BY THE "ONLY BONES."

It was a pretty hand that spanked the pepper bottle. No doubt the latter needed the castigation, and the mashed potatoes needed the pepper—but Miss Kertash need not have been so vindictive, and strike a little bottle so hard. Anything that gets whipped as often as the pepper bottle, does not need a severe drubbing every time.

"I am sore all over," whispered the pepper to the mustard, as the pretty hand aforesaid, plumped it back into its hole in the castor.

"You may expect it every time the potatoes make a mash," replied the mustard consoling.

"What is that unmanly thing eating with its knife, at the end of the table?" asked the smooth-tongued sweet oil.

"I don't know what it is, but if you step on it, it will speak Irish," unkindly remarked the vinegar.

"Its name is Denis, the modern Napoleon," said the pepper rubbing its sore place.

I suppose you enjoyed your trip overland, Denis," observed Miss Kertash.

"Very much, with the exception of the smell of kerosene in the cars. I am so used to gas, that it spoiled much of my pleasure."

"He speaks the truth—he did nothing but gas on the Pacific Coast," retorted the mustard.

General Butler spoke—"You were very successful in San Francisco, I hear."

"Yes, I may say that I was. You can get speeches there so much cheaper than you can here. I inquired to-day, and found that one of Lincoln's would cost \$10— even yours they ask \$2.50 for," replied the agitator.

"Never mind, Denis," said the General, "I have some after-dinner speeches up stairs you can have for a dollar. They will be handy when you are tendered banquets."

"Thank you, General. That's a fine brand of Port," snacking his lips.

"Happens to be claret—what I was once" moaned the vinegar.

Miss Kertash here asked to be excused, and gracefully retired.

"See here, Denis," said the General when they were alone, "let us understand each other."

"Twig the secrets," whispered the mustard.

"You control the votes of the Pacific slope, and I guess I am pretty solid with the masses here. Business is business. Let us work together, and the day is ours."

"You're dead on it, but old boy," said the sand lot chieftain, who, as he got a little inky, also got a little familiar. (A whispered consultation followed which none of the occupants of the castor could catch.)

"When you make your speech in Boston," said the General, "you better make some mention of its being the 'Grand Thesaurus of Education, Culture and Refinement.' That is Boston's hobby, and a city is like a man, once get it on its hobby and you can ride it as far as you please."

They were about leaving the room, when a buzzing sound drew Denis' attention.

"Ah, General," said he sorrowfully, "do you see that insect on the butter? That is a Wasp, and incontinent (he meant insignificant) as it appears, it gave me away worse than all the San Francisco press combined."

"Don't be downhearted, Denis," said the General, "will you have Port or Sherry?"

"It is immaterial to me," replied Denis as he shoved over his glass. Butler bit his lip to avoid smiling, and they drained goblets together.

When they had left the room, remarks by the castor were in order.

Mustard—"He is a fool."

Pepper—"He is a museum, with nothing in it but the monkey."

Sweet Oil—"He is indefinitely postponed."

Vinegar—"He has a soft thing under his hat."

Wasp—"He knows just enough to show that he knows nothing."

—Wasp.

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TIME TABLE

V. V. AND C. L. R. R.

TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, JULY 15th 1878.

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